

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

SKELETONS REVEAL GOLD.

Trapper Stumbles Onto Remains of Prospectors in Tunnel

Portland—Two skeletons, supposed to be the remains of pioneer English prospectors, were found last week in an old mine tunnel situated in the Cascade forest reserve, at a point about 60 miles from Boring and 50 miles from the Sandy river. Near the skeletons were a shovel, pickaxe, frying pan and two rock drills. The finding of the bones led to the discovery of the existence of a rich vein of gold and silver ore.

The bones were located by Peter Stone, a hunter and trapper, who accidentally stumbled into the old tunnel, the entrance to which was overgrown by brush and small trees. The tunnel has a 45-foot face and a crosscut extending back 60 feet.

Old settlers in the vicinity say that the remains are probably those of Englishmen who were prospecting in that vicinity and who were last seen in 1858. That the remains have been in the tunnel about 50 years was indicated by the presence of a tree 18 inches thick directly over the entrance. There was nothing to indicate the manner of the deaths, whether violent or from natural causes.

The old mine is close by a deep, narrow valley and a waterfall, and has been given the appropriate name of "Lost Mine." Ralph Trean, an assayer located in Portland, went to the place, and returned with the report that a vein rich in gold, silver, lead and galena was tapped by the old tunnel. The lode has a 10-foot face and extends three miles. The ground has been taken possession of and will be worked.

OREGON OFFICES GAIN.

Following Advance in Postmasters' Salaries Begin July 1.

Washington—The salaries of presidential postmasters in Oregon will be increased according to the receipts of respective offices July 1. Among the important advances are:

Corvallis, \$2300 to \$2400; Eugene, \$2600 to \$2700; Hillsboro, \$1700 to \$1800; Hood River, \$2300 to \$2400; Medford, the same; Pendleton, \$2500 to \$2600; Roseburg, \$2300 to \$2400; Salem, \$3000 to \$3100; The Dalles, \$2400 to \$2500.

The following Oregon offices were increased \$100: Ashland, Bandon, Bend, Brownsville, Dallas, Falls City, Forest Grove, Freewater, Gresham, Joseph, Klamath Falls, Lakeview, Mount Angel, Myrtle Point, Newberg, Newport, Sheridan, Vale.

The following offices were raised \$200: Arleta, Enterprise, Lenta, McMinnville, Newport, Ontario, Seaside, Wasco.

Heppner drops from \$1600 to \$1500; Sumpter drops from \$1400 to \$1300; Huntington drops from \$1300 to \$1200; Arlington drops from \$1200 to \$1000; Dray drops from \$1200 to \$1000.

The following Northwest offices also received increases: Vancouver, Wash., \$2500 to \$2600; Kalama, Wash., \$1300 to \$1400; Tacoma, Wash., \$3500 to \$3600; Walla Walla, Wash., \$2900 to \$3000; Boise, Idaho, \$2100 to \$2200.

Surveying Coos Bay Road.

Marshfield—Surveying the Coos Bay, Oregon & Idaho railroad has begun. F. A. Haines, chief engineer, left here with a corps of about 20 men. He will start somewhere in the mountains, but the routes to be followed in making the surveys will not for the present be made known. Sufficient stock has been subscribed in the project to warrant sending out the survey and further subscriptions will be taken. The capital stock of the railroad company is \$25,000 and it is estimated that \$10,000 will be needed to make surveys. It is stated by officers of the corporation that if the engineer can find a one per cent grade between Coos Bay and Roseburg outside railroad men will take up the project.

High Prices for Butter Fat.

Tillamook—Unusually high prices prevailed for butter fat at the co-operative cheese factories for April—the highest, in fact, in the history of the county for that month. Maple Leaf paid 40c; Tillamook creamery, 40c; Fairview Dairy association, 38½c; South Prairie, 41c; Clover Leaf (Riverdale), 42.2c; Three Rivers, 37c; Ocean Park, 38.3c; Meda Co-operative, 39c; Elwood (Donaldson's), 42.2c; East Beaver, 40c; Pleasant Valley, 39.8c; Jackson & Saling, 37c; Netarts, 40c.

Many Pioneers Gather.

Weston—M. O'Hara, secretary of the Pioneers' association, reported 150 enrolled members attended the annual reunion May 28-29, and that 19 new members were registered. The two oldest pioneer women present were Nancy A. Jacobs, of Portland, who was born in 1840, immigrated in 1845, and is a survivor of the Whitman massacre, having crawled under the floor; and Mrs. Polly Purcell, of Weston, who was born in 1842, immigrated in 1846.

Rain Benefits Lane Crops.

Eugene—The rain means thousands of dollars to the farmers of this section. The light rains of the week have been beneficial and the cool weather has prevented considerable loss that would have resulted with much sunshine. It is believed that the rain is general over the country, and hard enough to do great good.

Hood River Calls for Aid.

Hood River—Berries ripening and no pickers is still the story at Hood River. Growers are anxiously meeting each train and boat in the hope of getting help for the rush of berry picking which is near at hand.

Showers have been succeeded by warmer weather, and it is said by strawberry men that the fruit will come on with a rush. Dispatches are being sent to towns in the eastern part of the state asking that notices be posted informing residents of the need of help, and towns in the Willamette valley are also being notified. Many claim that berries will have to go unpicked if help does not arrive.

Grain Makes Good Stand.

Union—The wheat fields have not been so promising for many years. Fall wheat is well advanced and promises an excellent crop. The stand is good and the grain thrifty. There is an increase of at least 30 per cent over the acreage of last year in this portion of the Grand Ronde valley. Rain has been falling for the past 24 hours and still continues. With the exception of peaches and early cherries, the fruit yield will be good. Gardens are doing nicely in spite of the cold dry spring.

Industry Will Revive.

Gold Beach—Representatives of Guggenheim, who has large fishing interests in Alaska, are here looking over the cannery property of the late R. D. Hume, and there is little doubt that he will take over the plant together with the large holdings of timber and farming lands. Two companies are on the ground to take and ship salmon "mild cured" and the fishermen expect to make good money when those companies get ready to handle the salmon. The run of salmon has hardly begun.

Elgin Now Sure of Crop.

Elgin—Three inches of rain have fallen the last week and crops are looking fine. They will make full yields without more rain and the farmer's smile is growing. T. W. Weatherpoon has finished draining his lake. People for miles around aided him in caring for the immense amount of carp and catfish, each taking a liberal portion. Mr. Weatherpoon will have the lake prepared, and will stock it with rainbow trout.

Athletic Instructor Resigns.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—Roy E. Heaten, well known throughout the Northwest as an athlete of ability, has resigned his position as instructor in physical education at this college to enter into business in this city. Mr. Heaten has purchased the business of M. M. Long, dealer in athletic and sporting goods.

Dentists to Pay License.

Salem—Hereafter all practitioners of dentistry in Oregon must pay an examination fee of \$25, and an annual license fee of \$1.50. The money shall be paid to the secretary of the state board of dental examiners, who shall keep a record of his accounts and give bond for the faithful performance of his duties.

Hermiston Picks Berries.

Hermiston—Strawberries are now at their best, and large pickings are being made. Hermiston will observe Strawberry day June 1. The first new potatoes are now being dug.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem milling, \$13.00@1.35; club, \$1.20@1.22½; valley, \$1.17.

Corn—Whole, \$35 per ton; cracked, \$36 per ton.

Barley—Feed, \$25 per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$40.50@41 per ton.

Hay—Timothy, Willamette valley, \$14@18 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$12@21; clover, \$11@12; alfalfa, \$13@14; cheat, \$14@14.50; vetch, \$14@14.50.

Fresh Fruits—Apples, \$1@2.50 per box. Strawberries, Oregon, \$2@4 per crate; cherries, \$1@1.25 per box; gooseberries, 5@6c per pound; loganberries, \$1 and 1.25 per crate; currants, 12½c per pound.

Potatoes—\$1.75@1.90 per hundred; new California, 4½c@5½c per lb.; sweet potatoes, 4½c per pound.

Vegetables—Turnips, \$1.25 per sack; carrots, \$1.25; parsnips, \$1.50; beets, \$1.75; horseradish, \$10c per pound; artichokes, 50@60c doz.; asparagus, 7½@12c per pound; beans, 10@12½c; cabbage, 2c per lb.; cauliflower, \$3 per crate; cucumbers, 50c@12.5 per doz.; lettuce, house, \$1@1.50 per box; lettuce, head, 25c per doz.; onions, 12½c@15c per doz.; parsley, 35c per doz.; peas, 7c per lb.; radishes, 15c per doz.; rhubarb, 3@3½c per lb.; spinach, 5c per lb.; squash, 75c@1.25 per box; tomatoes, Mexican, \$2@2.50 per crate.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 26½c; fancy outside creamery, 25@26½c per lb.; store, 15c. (Butter fat prices average 1½ cents per pound under regular butter prices.)

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 23@24c per doz.

Poultry—Hens, 15c; springs, 22½@25c; roosters, 10c; ducks, 14@15c; geese, 10@11c; turkeys, 20c; squabs, \$2.50@3 per doz.

Pork—Fancy, 10c per lb.

Veal—Extras, 8@8½c per lb.; ordinary, 7c; heavy, 6c.

Hops—1909 contracts, 12c per lb.; 1908 crop, 9@10c; 1907 crop, 4@5c; 1906 crop, 1½@2c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 17@22½c per lb.; valley, fine, 25@25½c; medium, 23c; coarse, 21c; mohair, choice, 24@25c per lb.

AIRSHIP RUNS AWAY.

Inventor Drives Damaged Craft to Earth and Slides Down Rope.

East St. Louis, Ill., June 7.—A cast-away in the skies through the breaking of his guide rope, which formed his only connection with the earth, and later an aeronaut on the ground, with his ship floating away through space, pursued on the ground by an automobile, Claude M. Zellers, a one-legged inventor, tonight contributed new pages to the history of aeronautics.

In a machine of no type known to aeronautics, invented by William Smith, a cattle-dealer, and described as the largest aeroplane in the world, Zellers flew from East St. Louis this afternoon at 5:30 o'clock. When 100 feet up the guide rope became entangled in an apple tree and snapped, leaving the aviator a castaway. He sailed 40 miles in a zigzag course and succeeded in making a hazardous landing at Belleville, 20 miles from where he started.

Zellers was unable to stop his machinery, but pointed the nose of his craft toward the ground and allowed it to shoot down like a meteor until the end of the broken rope trailed on the ground. Just as Zellers slid down the rope, a distance of 70 feet, it broke and the dirigible, its engines going full speed, soared into the sky without a pilot.

Zellers pursued the bag for a time in an automobile, but could not keep up with it.

TRAIN GOES THROUGH TRESTLE.

Plucky Engineer and Fireman Minimize Disaster.

Cottage Grove, Or., June 6.—When on the middle of Kern bridge, spanning Row river, on the Oregon & Southern, a mixed train crashed through and fell, all but the engine, 40 feet into the stream below at 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Seven men were hurt, all of them more or less seriously. All the available surgeons from Cottage Grove were rushed to the scene of the accident by special train, and the report from the wreck is that, while all the passengers are still alive, it is believed several are fatally hurt.

John Coates, the fireman, went down with the train, fell in the river, swam out, hurried to the nearest telephone and phoned for assistance and all the available doctors. The work train had just arrived and having steam up, a relief train was hurried to the scene.

The wrecked train was due here at 5 o'clock, and the engine had just cleared the bridge when the center span gave way. The activity of Engineer William Ostrander saved the engine from piling on top of the other cars in the ravine. Ostrander set the brakes and the train parted at the tender, twisting the rods and the engineer was seriously injured by the reversing lever. The tender now rests on top of the coach, 12 feet of which is under water.

\$100,000,000 FOR SUBWAYS.

That's What Complete System for Chicago Will Cost.

Chicago, June 7.—A complete system of subways for Chicago will cost from \$100,000,000 to \$112,000,000, and be able to transport from 509,960 to 529,120 passengers hourly, with seats for all; and with the present surface and elevated lines will supply adequate transportation until 1931 or 1950, according to plans adopted. These are the conclusions of City Engineer Ericson and Subway Engineer R. C. St. John, submitted today to Commissioner of Public Works Hanberg, in a supplemental report on subways.

The report has four distinct plans for construction, with two variations of each, and with the exception of collating engineering details practically completes the city's report on tunnels for passenger traffic in downtown Chicago.

Power Plant Wrecked.

Trinidad, Col., June 7.—Virtually every branch of industry in this city and neighboring towns is at a standstill, as a result of the destruction of the new powerhouse of the Southern Colorado Power company. An explosion in the transformer started a fire which wiped out the plant, causing a loss on building and machinery of more than \$300,000. The fire is nothing short of a calamity, as it cuts off the power which operates the local and interurban electric lines, lighting plant, newspaper plants, foundries, etc.

Blast Away Huge Hill.

Aberdeen, Wash., June 7.—Everything is in readiness for the firing of the big blast that is expected to blow away a hill a mile long on the Satsop river, near Elma, on the grade of the Grays Harbor branch of the Union Pacific. The dynamite and powder will all be placed in caches that have been made in a tunnel in the hill. All farmers have been warned, and all roads near the scene are guarded. About 100,000 yards of earth will be loosened.

Demand Freeman Resign.

Orange, N. J., June 7.—Because he invited Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, anarchists, to a luncheon recently given by the exclusive Mayflower Descendants' Society, Alden Freeman, of this place, has been asked to resign from the Orange chapter, Sons of the American Revolution.

Peru Sends Swede Home.

Lima, Peru, June 7.—The Peruvian government has canceled the exequatur of the Swedish consul general, Luis Lemboke, in whose house on May 1 Carlos Pierola and others implicated in the rising against the government took refuge.



Race for a Wife

BY HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

That afternoon Maude strolled out into the grounds. She wandered up one of the grassy vistas through the sea of laurels, until she arrived at a pond—a pond all covered with great large-leaved water lilies; and by the edge of that pond Maude sat down, and, resting her head on her hand, began to think. It was one of those warm sunny days we are occasionally blessed with in April. She thought very sadly of the life before her. Of course it was her duty always to her parents. Why was duty always made so hard in this world? Ah! it was cruel of God to tell her he loved her just when they were to separate forever.

Maude slept—she dreamt; and she pictured to herself that she was drowning in some big lake; she was going down—down ever so far, and suddenly she clasped a spar of some kind, and felt that she was saved. Then a big brown man with fierce red eyes threatened her and struck at her, and just as she was about to let go, the big brown man suddenly vanished, and Grenville Rose stood in his place, caught her by the hand, and drew her to him. She fell into his arms; and as he bent over he kissed her. Maude sat up, and turned over her dream in her mind. It cheered her. She thought it foretold the triumph of Gren over Pearman, and everything all light and sunshine for the future.

But Sam Pearman, in the meanwhile, loses no time in prosecuting his suit. Diffidence is not one of his failings, and in such mock courtship as this there is little fear of the result. Before a week had gone by he was formally engaged to Maude Denison, and the discussion of when the wedding shall take place is pre-empted by the high contracting parties. Maude listens, and assents to everything in a quiet, listless way. She treats her betrothed with calm courtesy, but avoids all occasion of being left alone with him. So far, Sam Pearman can boast of receiving but scant favors from the hands of his bride-elect. Her cheek is as yet innocent of his caresses, and a warm pressure of the hand the extent of his achievements.

No news—not a sign of Grenville Rose; and wearily Maude commenced going through all the ordeal of preparing the trousseau. They were to be married the first week in May.

But one morning a groom came over in hot haste from Mannersley with a few lines for the squire from Sam Pearman, to say that his father was dead. The son had told them a day or two before that the old man was ailing, but had no idea that there was much the matter. Three or four days' illness, then inflammation set in, and old lawyer Pearman was gone to his rest. That ancient fisher would never angle more, and Samuel, his son, reigned in his stead.

"Put off the wedding, Nell, for a month or two, of course," said the squire, as he broke the news to his wife. "Otherwise it's perhaps for the best. I can't pretend to feel any intense grief about old Pearman, and his departure leaves Mannersley at once."

Mrs. Denison showed a wisdom on the occasion seldom evinced. She said nothing, for the simple reason she had nothing to say.

As for Sam Pearman, he bore his bereavement with tolerable composure.

"Sorry for the old father," he muttered. "He was a clever man, every bit of him. He could play with these swells, and manage 'em in a way nobody else I ever saw could. He was very good to me, too, always. I shall never have the head he had if I live a hundred years. Lucky I don't want it!"

"Yes, put my marriage off a bit—hum! How lucky Coriander is entered in my name for the Two Thousand, and not his. Fancy his being disqualified, after the trial of last week!"

CHAPTER XV.

Grenville Rose, to speak metaphorically, has been paddling his skiff through troubled waters of late. Maude's short woe-begotten little note of dismissal, and his aunt's indignant letter, were far from pleasant reading to a man as much entangled as he was in the love-god's meshes. He sat and sulked—he sat and thought. They all ended in the same conclusion, that Pearman would marry his darling Maude, and that he was, and ever should be, utterly miserable.

Anathematizing, with an impartiality quite beautiful to witness, everything and everybody, Mr. Rose once more enters his sitting room in pursuit of breakfast. He unfolds the Times. Again, as a preliminary, does he ascertain the extreme firmness of Coriander in the betting quotations for the Two Thousand. Not that Silky Dallison's feed at Greenwick is any object to him now—he is too miserable to enter into such things; but he might as well read about that as anything else. Why does the supplement, which he never dreams of looking at, tumble so persistently across his plate?

"Let's have a look at the second column," he mutters, "and see whether 'X Y Z's' family are still in tribulation about his absence; or whether 'Pollak's' is offering his usual hundred for an absconded young lady, aged nineteen, good-looking, and with a rose in her bonnet—last seen in them. There once myself, I suppose: nice unlucky beggar's advent to put in the papers. 'Marriages'! Suppose I shall see hers before many weeks are over. 'Deaths'—I feel that's more in my line just now. I hope there's a good lot of 'em. How I should like to add one or two to the column—more particularly one. Hello! what's this? At Mannersley, only second year of his age, Samuel Pearman, Esq. Wish it had been his son!"

"Grenville! and then he sat down to think whether this could by any possibility influence his prospects in any way. It is hard to believe that there is no

such thing as destiny. It is almost ludicrous at times to think what a trivial incident has turned the whole current of our lives. There is a large and well-known speculator on the turf at this time—a man, doubtless, worth many ingots and much stock and security—whose money-making career dates from the presentation of a case of razors, according to popular report. Who can say? Grenville's life turned on reading the supplement of the Times. It may be said by accident, that particular morning.

I fancy no human being ever saw that generally light-hearted barrister thinking so hard as he was upon this occasion. He has won many a good cause since, but often laughs and says, "that was the biggest he was ever engaged in; and no solicitor to draw up the brief, mind."

"Ah," he said at last, "I can almost swear I saw it. I recollect laughing over it at the time, and thinking what a quaint, queer old deed it was. Suppose I'm right—I wonder how it would affect things? I must go over and talk to Dallison a bit."

And while Grenville Rose crosses the Temple Gardens, let me say a few words about George Dallison. He comes athwart the loves of Grenville and Maude but for a few days. Yet he is destined to be the master of the situation of that eventful period. George Dallison is a barrister some two or three years senior to Rose. He has a fair income of his own, and has betaken himself to the elucidation of the mysteries of the turf. Rather below the middle height, with large liquid hazel eyes, a slight almost effeminate figure, feet and hands that would be no disgrace to a woman, and a soft voice, nothing could be more deceptive in appearance than Silky Dallison. His low, languid tones and caressing manner had earned him that sobriquet at college. It had stuck to him ever since. Destitute of whisker, a slight soft brown moustache just shading his upper lip; lithe, supple, almost girlish in appearance—such was George Dallison. Few men of his age rode straighter and steadier over a country than he; while Tattersall's had arrived at the conclusion that, though he might look young, nobody threw his money away much less than Silky Dallison. When, in his languid manner, he was willing to take a thousand to thirty about any horse's chance, it had a chance—a good deal more than, as a rule, can be predicated of the animals about which such very long odds are to be obtained.

"Come in," was the response to Rose's sharp knock, and Dallison was discovered placidly consuming a French novel in the easiest of armchairs. No greater sybarite perhaps ever existed; yet on Newmarket Heath, he would wait the day through wind and sleet, to back the "good thing," he had journeyed from London expressly for, and return to town without a murmur, if such had turned out the delusive phantom too usual on such occasions.

"Oh, Grenville, charmed to see you! Take a chair and talk. It's not a bad novel," he observed, as he threw the yellow colored volume on the table; "but I've had more than enough of it, and myself for the present. News! Ah, Gren, if you have any, unfold thy short, and, I trust, moving tale."

"Thanks! I want to talk to you a bit on business—reason I'm here," said Rose. "Shouldn't come to you on a point of law, 'Silky,' but this happens to be a bit of racing."

"You racing! What do you mean?" "Have you seen old Pearman's death in the paper?"

"Yes," rejoined Dallison. "You're thinking of Coriander—makes no difference, you know—horse entered in the son's name."

"Suppose, Silky, I could show you that that horse couldn't start without my consent, or something like it?"

"Come, old fellow, no gammon. I'm on him for the Derby, and am only waiting to hedge my money till he's won the Two Thousand."

"Look here, Dallison; I know nothing about the turf, and have come to you to manage a great game between young Pearman and myself. Will you do so? Of course you can take care of yourself in the transaction. I can tell you nothing for certain as yet. Will you manage the turf part of the business while I work the legal machinery? As my idea of the case stands at present, I tell you fairly, I think Coriander's starting for the Guineas will be at the option of myself and clients; but I may be mistaken."

"Do you advise me to hedge now, then?" said Silky Dallison.

"Certainly not. I know nothing about the turf, but if I am right in my conjecture, the management of Coriander in the market will be, for the benefit of my clients, in your hands before a few days are over. Will you say nothing till I see you again, and give you, as I hope, the reasons why?"

"You say I'm to be your agent if it is as you think it. I'll ask no questions; but as you know nothing about that great elaborate system of gambling, yeelp racing—if, as you think, you've any control over Coriander, don't whisper it to your carpet-bag till you've seen me again. I say this honestly, with a view to doing my best for you. Bring me your case when you've worked it out, and I'll tell you what to do."

"Many thanks, old fellow! I'm off to Hampshire to-night. I shall be back the day after to-morrow, though perhaps late. It will be all decided then. I'm playing for a good deal bigger stake than you, Silky—the girl I love and something to start housekeeping on."

"Ah," returned Dallison, "I like that; if you've got the first stake on, you're playing in earnest. I am still all in the dark; but if you see your way to winning the first, I'll bet you two to one, knowing nothing about it, I win enough for you to start housekeeping on."

That very night, just as they were settling in bed, a loud ring startled the denizens of Glim. The advent of Grenville Rose seemed to the servants a matter of course thing. They immediately commenced preparation of his usual room. His uncle also was glad to see him, but Mrs. Denison and Maude the thing was past comprehension. As for Grenville, he seemed perfectly callous—shook hands with his aunt, audaciously kissed his mother, accompanying it by a pressure of the hand and a whisper, the combination of which sent the blood to the very roots of Maude's hair. Then he devoted himself in a most prosaic manner to some cold boiled beef and pickles, pertinaciously set the ladies out, and as he handed them their candles, whispered to Maude:

"Hope for us yet, darling?"

"Now, uncle," he said, "I want you to come with me to your study. You recollect that old box of deeds and papers you let me rummage through two years back, when I went so deep into heresy, and spent a good bit of time tracing the family genealogy?"

"Yes, my boy; but you don't mean to say you've come down upon us like a whirlwind in this way to continue that somewhat vexatious pursuit?"

Grenville said no more till he was duly ensconced in the squire's sanctum, with the box containing those musty papers open by his side.

"Now, uncle," he resumed, "I shall probably have to work for two or three hours through these old parchments before I arrive at the one I want. Of course I don't expect you to remain while I do so, but before you go to bed would you mind answering me two or three questions? You've always been very kind to me; Glim, indeed, has been my home almost as long as I can recollect. My father and mother died when I was a young, that you and my aunt have almost lived in their place to me."

"Well, Gren, we've always been fond of you, and glad to have you here. But what are you driving at?"

"Will you bear with me patiently to-night, even if I offend you? Will you wait till to-morrow, and hear then what I have to say before you decide about what I shall, perhaps, ask you to do for me?"

"What on earth are you making mysteries about? Not much use asking from me, Gren; I'm about broke myself. You're in some money scrape, I suppose?"

Most of the squire's old scraps having arisen from that prolific source, he naturally guessed his nephew must have involved himself similarly.

"No, uncle, it's not that. I love Maude, and want to marry her."

No words can paint Harold Denison's face at this last announcement. That there should be love-passages between Grenville and his daughter had never entered his head; and what could the young idiot mean by coming and telling him so now? He must know she was engaged to Pearman.

"Do you?" he said at length, in his most cynical manner. "That's a little unlucky, because she's about to marry some body else. I fancied that you must have heard so."

"You mean Pearman? Yes, I have heard that."

"Oh, you have? May I ask what particular inducements you have to offer, that you think it probable Maude will break off the prospect of a good match in your behalf? You may have achieved some unexampled success in your profession; I can only regret that I am as yet in ignorance of it."

"You only sneer at me, and I am talking in earnest," said Grenville, biting his lips.

(To be continued.)

DREW SHIP TO ITS DOOM.

Steel Steamship Wrecked on Magnetic Shore of Lapland.

That the coast's magnetic influence drew this stout ship to its rugged iron-ribbed shore is the explanation of Capt. Keldie of the wrecking of the British steamer Sandal, which was lost on the coast in question, and has made an affidavit embodying the foregoing statement. The affidavit is on file with the Board of Trade in England, says the New York Evening Mail.

Not only does the commander of the Sandal attribute the loss of his vessel wholly to the magnetic influence of Lapland, but Joseph Newmarch, first mate of the wrecked vessel, swears to a personal knowledge, gained by many years' experience in that region, of the magnet-like qualities of the coast which holds the bones of the Sandal.

Loaded with timber, which she took aboard at Archangel, in the White Sea, Russia, the Sandal was bound to the Tyne River, England. Capt. Keldie said:

"I am convinced that nothing could have saved the Sandal. The particular part of Lapland where she struck I have since found composed of iron and other powerful magnetic ores, and I am equally positive that the magnetic attraction disturbed our compasses and drew us steadily landward. The weather was hazy at the time."

Mate Newmarch said that for an hour before the ship struck it was impossible to keep her on her course; that her head kept yawning in the direction of the land, and that, in his opinion, the stranding was caused by the attraction of the land.

Controlled by Combine.

There is a trust in fuller's earth, with the final process known only to one or two persons, whose lips are rigidly sealed. The deposits of fuller's earth exist chiefly at Bath and Nottinghamshire, England, and at Maxton, in Scotland, in addition to deposits in the London district. The industry is practically controlled by a combine which strictly preserves the methods of preparation of the earth.